

THE JOURNAL FINDS MICROBES OF DEATH IN OUR TORN UP STREETS

A Chemical Analysis and Careful Bacteriological Examination Shows Typhoid Fever, Malaria and Death in the Open Trenches.

FIFTH AVENUE, New York's most famous residence street, is, for a great portion of its length, a hotbed of disease.

To obtain the absolute facts the Sunday Journal took nine samples of earth and one of liquid from various points along the avenue, and caused them to be analyzed

found outside the human body. Medical science has proved, however, that certain conditions of soil and liquid, such as may now be observed at various points along Fifth avenue, invariably produce malaria.

Beginning at Washington square the avenue is in course of preparation, as far as Ninth street, for paving. Every foot of the way the earth has long been disturbed, and every person who breathes the air in that vicinity inhales disease-breeding bacteria. From Fourteenth to Sixteenth street and from Seventeenth to Twenty-third street paving and sewer work are in progress.

The avenue from Twenty-third to Thirty-second street is redolent of sewer gas. One of the samples of earth which the Sunday Journal caused to be analyzed was taken from directly in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and revealed the presence of the typhoid fever bacillus in the first stage. This is the state of affairs that exists within a stone's throw of the Hoffman House, Delmonico's and a dozen other places which cater to the wants of New Yorkers and their guests.



Typhoid Fever.

by an expert chemist, whose statement appears herewith. This analysis shows the state of affairs to be even worse than believed.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, who has many patients among the residents of Fifth avenue, declares that malaria, resulting from the deplorable condition of the thoroughfare, has permanently injured the health of more than one of those whom he has been called upon to attend. He characterizes the action that has brought about this condition of affairs as little short of criminal.

The greater portion of the avenue from Washington Square to Seventy-third street, is in a condition that furnishes the most ample opportunity for the germination of bacilli that breed disease, not only among the residents along the avenue, but in those whose business makes it necessary to utilize the sidewalks bordering the excavation and disturbed earth in the roadway.



Pneumonia.

To thoroughly understand the dangers with which life on Fifth avenue is now fraught it must be understood that particularly at this season of the year to tear up a street for the purpose of paving releases a vast quantity of bacteria that, once in the system, creates a gateway for the admission of the bacilli of disease which would otherwise very likely fail to find lodgment.

No analysis of earth or liquid will show the germ of malaria, for that is never

FROM what I know of the conditions of New York's streets, never in the city's history have the people been before called upon to face the probability of so great an epidemic of grip and malaria. Every street that has been torn up has opened a new lodging place for the germs that are breeders of disease and fatal to good health. Malaria is the one ailment that opens the gateway of the system to disease and possible death. The germ of malaria has never yet been found outside the human body, but physicians have learned that it always makes its appearance when such a state of affairs exists as is caused by a condition of the streets like that of Fifth avenue and in other sections of New York.

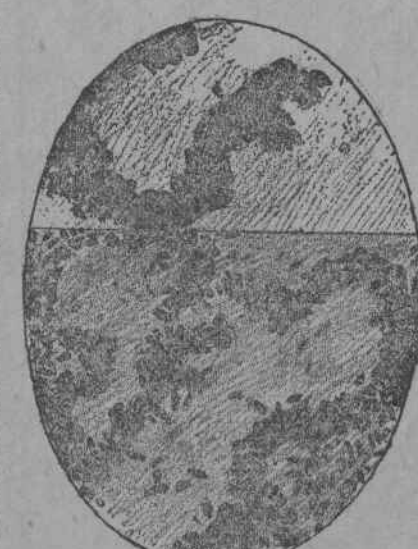
Never, I am satisfied, in any civilized city which was not suffering from bombardment, were the streets so torn up as are many New York thoroughfares. It is not only reprehensible; it is criminal.

Owing to the fact that in the vicinity of several of the New York milk depots the streets are disturbed for paving or some other purpose, the danger is constantly imminent of these germs being introduced into the blood of people through the medium of milk.

What should be done is to disinfect the earth that is disturbed by the excavation of the streets. That was done by my order five years ago. There is no reason why it could not be done now.

Fronting the Marble Collegiate Church, at Twenty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, is a sewer excavation one-fourth the length of a block, and extending over half the street. This is practically nothing less than an open cesspool, and it was from here that the liquid sample sent to the chemist for analysis was taken. The air in the vicinity of this excavation is almost nauseating. There is not a person who attends service at the church mentioned who does not run the risk of contracting disease. The residents of this portion of the avenue are living in the face of constant menace. Their surroundings are infinitely more unhealthy than those of the dwellers in the meanest, most crowded portions of the East Side. It would be difficult to find a more unhealthy spot in New York. And this on Fifth avenue, famed the world over as New York's most fashionable street.

That section of the avenue from Forty-second to Forty-third street is also a field for the development of malaria and fever through the medium of sewer excavation. From Forty-seventh to Fifty-fifth street preparations for paving are under way. From Fifty-first to Fifty-fourth



Malaria.

RESULT OF EXPERT SCHEELE'S ANALYSIS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I HAVE made an exhaustive and careful examination of ten samples, nine of earth and one of water, delivered to me for chemical, microscopical and bacteriological examination.

I find that the samples of earth are saturated with decomposed animal and vegetable matter. Each one of these samples is a hotbed for the bacilli of typhoid fever and kindred diseases, as well as of a nature calculated to produce malaria in malignant form among persons residing in or often passing earth thus impregnated.

The microphotographs attached hereto show the presence of the typhoid bacillus, in its first stage, in every one of the samples of earth.

The sample of liquid submitted I found in perfect condition to be a generator of any bacteria whatsoever, even those not developed by the analysis of the sample delivered to me.

The earthy, sandy samples submitted appear to be saturated with sewer gas, sulphuretted carbon and nitrogen gas. All of these on being exposed to the open air are fraught with danger to both man and beast.

Dr. WALTER T. SCHEELE, Expert Chemist.

BY DR. CYRUS EDSON.

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Scarlet Fever.

street there is another stretch of sewer excavation, with its accompanying colony of microbes, who live to lessen the population of New York.

At Fifty-sixth street sewer excavation is going on. In front of the Plaza at Fifty-ninth street there are great heaps of old lumber, pipes, paving stone and barrels. From Sixty-ninth to Seventy-third street there is another stretch of sewer excavation poisoning the air which people in that section of the city are compelled to breathe.

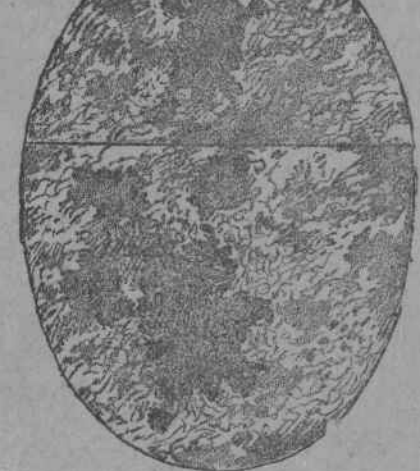
This is not all. In fact it is only a small part of the evil for which the condition of Fifth avenue is responsible. The city authorities, seemingly indifferent to the havoc the Fifth avenue work has created, are preparing to extend their labors, and it is the present intention to begin a sewer excavation within a few days in front of the Savoy, and in various other places not yet disturbed.

Every physician whose practice includes patients resident, not only on Fifth avenue, but for several blocks either side, openly declares that what are termed Fifth avenue improvements have proved the most prolific disease breeders existing in the city.

official name of this bacillus is *olyphi abdominalis*.

The pneumonia bacillus coiled up on gelatine makes you think of a spotted serpent, the curious elongated specks quivering beneath the glass like a jellyfish. It is one of the very oldest of the bacilli, and is also capable of producing much more rapid results once it gains ingress to the system.

Like the mosquito, which it resembles, the bacillus of consumption is very active. Almost shapeless at first glance, as it lies on the gelatine, under a powerful microscope, it acquires the superlative look of the most vicious mosquito. Its methods, after it once makes its way into the human system, are curious, almost as much so as the form it assumes. The malaria bacillus, until viewed with a very strong glass, looks like a tangle of the roots of some creeper, but when a powerful lens resolves it into form it assumes the appearance of a foe



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to almost anything, provided ugliness constitutes enmity. The Journal has selected Fifth avenue as an example of what the present system of so-called street improvements has brought about merely because it is the best known of New York's residence streets. It is but one of many thoroughfares that are daily breeding disease.

Park avenue, the neighbor of Fifth, is in a deplorable condition, and so it is possible to continue through a long catalogue. These street improvements will cost New York a vast sum of money, but that sum sinks into insignificance when compared with the resultant sacrifice of human life.



Cholera infantum.

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THE BULL DOG IN THE WHEEL

And the Tom Cat in the Cage---The Tom Cat Dies A-Laughing to See Him in a Rage.

ON the banks of the Passaic River, about a mile out of the city of Paterson, N. J., stands an old barn which contains in its boarded stalls a kennel of bulldogs, as fierce and relentless as any of the beasts ever fought before Nero and the people of Rome.

They are trained for the slaughter that must some day fall to their lot when one by one they add victories to their record and finally sink in the pit, wounded and dying, with the great, sharp teeth of a better dog tearing out their lives in the last struggle. They are, perhaps, better fitted to put up a fight than most bulldogs of the present day, for the man who trains them has been in the business forty years and has sent many a good brindle pup to victory by planting a strong heart and a terrible ferocity in his breast.

Just how he develops all that is fierce and persistent in a bulldog's nature is best shown by an illustration of his celebrated training wheel, which is the product of years of study and endless experiments.

If you visit old Martin Corrigan, who hails from the Green Isle, he will perhaps show you his pups, and say as he did to the Journal man:

"There's a brindle dog, there, Spring's his name, who is a fierce dog, an' a terrible dog, an' a wicked dog, an' when he is two years old, that dog, an' gets into the pit, he will be as big a surprise to you as a car window that comes open easy. I bar none, but he is as game a dog as ever had teeth."

"Is he in condition to fight now?" was asked.

"He is nat," replied Martin, without

hesitation, "but when he has had about tin days on the wheel, well--as I said before, I bar none. He can whip them all."

"The wheel? What is the wheel for?" "Now you're talkin'. Come with me and I'll show you an' invitation that'll put a two-year-old in condition to lick a tiger. This way, gentlemen."

It is but a few steps to the wheel room, where you will see a novel and interesting contrivance which is used to develop the fighting qualities of a bulldog. It consists of a well-padded cartwheel fixed to an axle coming from the floor. Underneath the wheel are smaller rollers, upon which it whirls and maintains its angle, dipping about one inch to six feet on one side, and so arranged that the animal harnessed to the axle that pass over one end of it will be driving the wheel slightly down hill, thus accelerating the wheel's speed.

Immediately in front of the dog, at sufficient distance to insure safety, is a wicker cage containing a yellow tomcat, whose sole function is to aggravate the pup and

induce him to rush onward in the vain hope of getting his teeth into the snarling, spitting bunch of yellow fur that is constantly before him.

But as Mr. Bulldog is properly harnessed to the frame running along his sides, his efforts to get entangled with the yellow cat only result in driving the cartwheel at a high rate of speed. Incidentally the dog runs off a lot of flesh.

"The dog," Martin says, "is jollying himself along, hopin' to get at the cat, but the cat havin' been mixin' things up fer me for the last two years, is givin' the dog the laugh an' swartin' at him with his paw."

"Is the cat in danger, you ask me? He is nat. An' what's more, he likes it. Many a dog has attempted to get at him, but after runnin' forty miles an hour for about three hours a day they gave it up as a bad job. Indeed they did."

"I can tell a cur dog the mint he gets on the wheel by the way he tries to run it backward wid quittin', but the dog that

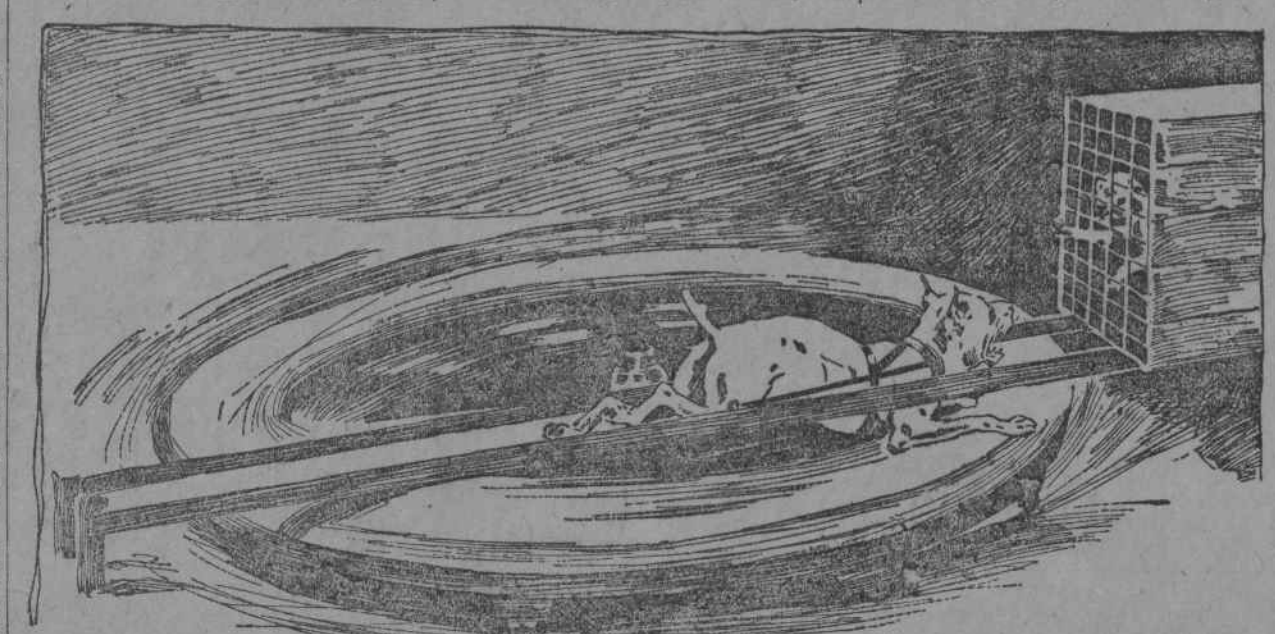
keeps lookin' at the cat an' tryin' to maul him, an' at the same time yelpin' without end, has got the grit that wins. That brindle pup, Spring, is that kind of a dog."

"What do you feed them on while they are training for a fight?"

"Good cooked meat an' bread an' the whites of eggs raw, and--well, something else that would make you feel mighty good if you only knew what it was. What is it? That's me secret. No, you don't. No." and the old dog fighter shuts his thin lips and refuses to disclose the one secret of bulldog training he guards as he does his life.

"Where do you have your fights?"

"Me? I don't have any fights, not at all. I simply take a dog when a gentleman wants him, an' send him back healthy an' strong. Well, of course after the gentleman who owns him gets him back he can do what he wants with him. It's no business of mine. A man can do what he wants with his own dog, and if he thinks he can lick any other dog on earth that's his affair. Yes, I see you understand me. Come again any time. Good day, sor."



The Cat Is in the Cage and the Dog in the Wheel, and the Sight of Pussy Keeps the Dog in a State of Constant Expectation and Activity, Which Is Just the Thing to Make Him "Fit" for a Fight.

REALLY KNEW CAPTAIN KIDD

THERE is a man in Bowdoinham, Me., whose great-grandfather once encountered the Captain Kidd whose sailings and treasures have made him famous. Captain Andrew Curtis is the man whose relative was so distinguished, and this is the story he tells:

"Captain John Rogers, my grandfather, was all his life a seaman. His father, Captain John R. Rogers, at the time of the Revolutionary War was in the naval service of the colonies as a privateer, the Continental Congress having issued to him letters of marque. At the time to which I refer he was master of a merchantman, and was bound, with his vessel and valuable cargo, from the West Indies to Boston.

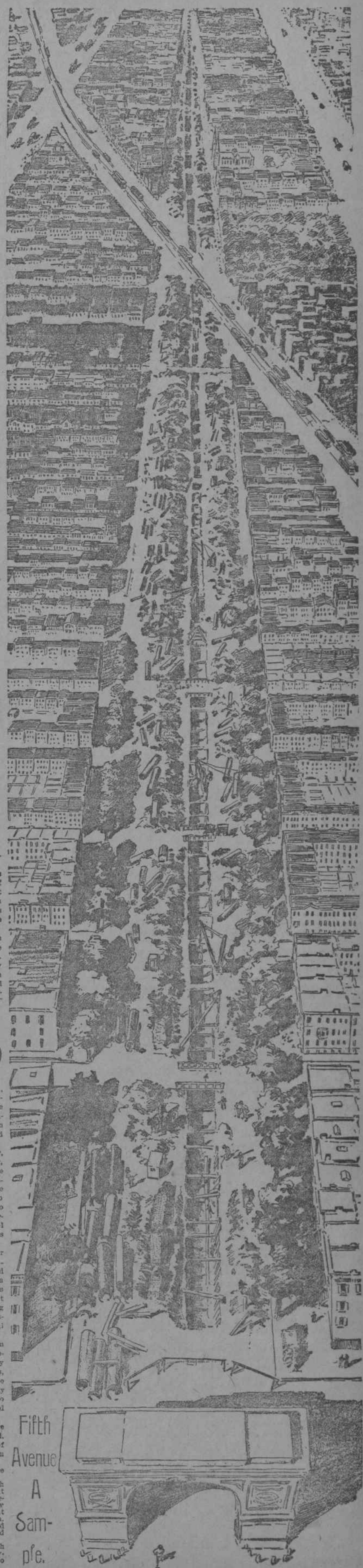
"He had been out to sea but a day or two when a strange ship was seen approaching. Nearer and nearer it came, and suddenly an explosion was heard and a cannon shot struck the water just across his vessel's bows. This very broad hint was immediately followed by the hoisting of a black flag with its skull and crossbones, revealing its startling, piratical character.

"In a short space of time a boat from the enemy arrived alongside, and a ferocious-looking set of men, fifteen to twenty of them, arrived with pistols and cutlasses, and came, one after the other, up over the vessel's side and on to the deck. They were headed by their commander, who proved to be none other than the dread buccaneer Captain Kidd.

"My grandfather, as he faced the pirate chief, gave him the Masonic sign. Kidd, however, made no tangible recognition of it, but turning to his men, exclaimed, in an authoritative tone and manner:

"Don't you trouble a single thing here till I see what this fellow has got!" He then told grandfather to go with him down into the cabin. The two went down there together. What transpired between them in that important interview grandfather would never tell, except that Kidd revealed that he, too, was a Mason. In about ten minutes the two reappeared on deck. Then the pirate again addressed his followers, saying:

"These poor devils have nothing worth taking, so you will let them and everything else here entirely alone. Back to the boat, men, at once, and we'll be off!"



Fifth Avenue A Sample.